NUMB. CCCII.

The SPECTATOR.

——Lachrymæque decoræ,
Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus. Vir. Æn. 5.

Friday, February 15. 1712.

I Read what I give for the Entertainment of this Day with a great deal of Pleaſure, and publiſh it juſt as it came to my Hands. I ſhall be very glad to find there are many ſuch at for *Emilia.*

MR. SPECTATOR,

IF this Paper has the good Fortune to be honoured with a Place in your Writings, I ſhall be the more pleaſed, becauſe the Character of *Emilia* is not an imaginary but a real one. I have induſtriouſly obſcured the whole by the Addition of one or two Circumſtances of no Conſequence, that the Perſon it is drawn from might ſtill be concealed; and that the Writer of it might not be in the leaſt ſuſpected, and for ſome other Reaſons, I chuſe not to give it the Form of a Letter: But if, beſides the Faults of the Compoſition, there be any thing in it more proper for a Correſpondent than the SPECTATOR himſelf to write, I ſubmit it to your better Judgment, to receive any other Model you think fit.

I am,

SIR,

Your very humble Servant.

There is nothing which gives one ſo pleaſing a Proſpect of humane Nature, as the Contemplation of Wiſdom and Beauty: The latter is the peculiar Portion of that Sex which is therefore called Fair; but the happy Concurrence of both theſe Excellencies in the ſame Perſon, is a Character too celeſtial to be frequently met with. Beauty is an ever-weaning ſelf-ſufficient thing, careleſs of procuring it ſelf any more ſubſtantial Ornaments; nay often does it conſult its own Intereſts, that it ſo often defeats it ſelf, by betraying that Innocence which renders it lovely and deſirable. As therefore Virtue makes a beautiful Woman appear more beautiful, ſo Beauty makes a virtuous Woman really more virtuous. Whilſt I am conſidering theſe two Perfections gloriouſly united in one Perſon, I cannot help repreſenting to my Mind the Image of *Emilia.*

Who ever beheld the charming *Emilia*, without feeling in his Breaſt at once the Glow of Love and the Tenderneſs of virtuous Friendſhip? The unaffected Graces of her Behaviour, and the pleaſing Accents of her Tongue, inſenſibly draw you on to wiſh for a nearer Enjoyment of them; but even her Smiles carry in them a ſilent Reproof to the Impulſes of licentious Love. Thus, tho' the Attractives of her Beauty play almoſt irreſiſtibly upon you and create Deſire, you immediately ſtand corrected not by the Severity but the Decency of her Virtue. That Sweetneſs and Good-humour which is ſo viſible in her Face, naturally diffuſes it ſelf into every Word and Action: A Man muſt be a Savage, who, at the Sight of *Emilia*, is not more inclined to do her Good than gratify himſelf: Her Perſon as it is thus ſtudiouſly embelliſhed by Nature, thus adorned with unpremeditated Graces, is a fit Lodging for a Mind ſo fair and lovely; there dwell rational Piety, modeſt Hope, and chearful Reſignation.

Many of the prevailing Paſſions of Mankind do undeſervedly paſs under the Name of Religion; which is thus made to expreſs it ſelf in Action, according to the Nature of the Conſtitution in which it reſides: So that were we to make a Judgment from Appearances, one would imagine Religion in ſome is little better than Sullenneſs and Reſerve, in many Fear, in others the Deſpondings of a melancholly Complexion, in others the Formality of inſignificant unaffecting Obſervances, in others Severity, in others Oſtentation. In *Emilia* it is a Principle founded in Reaſon and enlivened with Hope; it does not break forth into irregular Fits and Sallies of Devotion, but is an uniform and conſiſtent Tenour of Action: It is ſtrict without Severity, compaſſionate without Weakneſs; it is the Perfection of that good Humour which proceeds from the Underſtanding, not the Effect of an eaſy Conſtitution.

By a generous Sympathy in Nature, we feel our ſelves diſpoſed to mourn when any of our Fellow Creatures are afflicted; but injured Innocence and Beauty in Diſtreſs, is an Object that carries in it ſomething inexpreſſibly moving: It ſoftens the moſt manly Heart with the tendereſt Senſations of Love and Compaſſion, till at length it confeſſes its Humanity and flows out into Tears.

Were I to relate that Part of *Emilia*'s Life which has given her an Opportunity of exerting the Heroiſm of Chriſtianity, it would make too ſad, too tender a Story: But when I conſider her alone in the Midſt of her Diſtreſſes, looking beyond this gloomy Vale of Affliction and Sorrow in the Joys of Heaven and Immortality, and when I ſee her in Converſation thoughtleſs and eaſy as if ſhe were the moſt happy Creature in the World, I am tranſported with Admiration. Surely never did ſuch a Philoſophic Soul inhabit ſuch a beauteous Form! For Beauty is often made a Privilege againſt Thought and Reflexion; it laughs at Wiſdom, and will not abide the Gravity of its Inſtructions.

Were I able to repreſent *Emilia*'s Virtues in their proper Colours and their due Proportions, Love or Flattery might perhaps be thought to have drawn the Picture larger than Life; but as this is but an imperfect Draught of ſo excellent a Character, and as I cannot, will not hope to have any Intereſt in her Perſon, all that I can ſay of her is but impartial Praiſe extorted from me by the prevailing Brightneſs of her Virtues. So rare a Pattern of Female Excellence ought not to be con-

cealed, but ſhould be ſet out to the View and Imitation of the World; for how amiable does Virtue appear thus as it were made viſible to us in ſo fair an Example!

Honoria's Diſpoſition is of a very different Turn: Her Thoughts are wholly bent upon Conqueſt and arbitrary Power. That ſhe has ſome Wit and Beauty no Body denies, and therefore has the Eſteem of all her Acquaintance as a Woman of an agreeable Perſon and Converſation; but (whatever her Husband may think of it) that is not ſufficient for *Honoria*: She waves that Title to Reſpect as a mean Acquiſition, and demands Veneration in the Right of an Idol; for this Reaſon her natural Deſire of Life is continually checked with an inconſiſtent Fear of Wrinkles and old Age.

Emilia cannot be ſuppoſed ignorant of her perſonal Charms, tho' ſhe ſeems to be ſo; but ſhe will not hold her Happineſs upon ſo precarious a Tenure, whilſt her Mind is adorned with Beauties of a more exalted and laſting Nature. When in the full Bloom of Youth and Beauty we ſaw her ſurrounded with a Croud of Adorers, ſhe took no Pleaſure in Slaughter and Deſtruction, gave no falſe deluding Hopes which might encreaſe the Torments of her diſappointed Lovers; but having for ſome Time given to the Decency of a Virgin Coyneſs, examined the Merit of their ſeveral Pretenſions, ſhe at length gratified her own, by reſigning herſelf to the ardent Paſſion of *Bromius*. *Bromius* was then Maſter of many good Qualities and a moderate Fortune, which was ſoon after unexpectedly encreaſed to a plentiful Eſtate. This for a good while prov'd his Misfortune, as it furniſh'd his unexperienc'd Age with the Opportunities of evil Company and a ſenſual Life. He might have longer wander'd in the Labyrinths of Vice and Folly, had not *Emilia*'s prudent Conduct won him over to the Government of his Reaſon. Her Ingenuity has been conſtantly employed in humanizing his Paſſions and refining his Pleaſures. She has ſhew'd him by her own Example, that Virtue is conſiſtent with decent Freedoms and good Humour, or rather, that it cannot ſubſiſt without 'em. Her good Senſe readily inſtructed her, that a ſilent Example and an eaſy unrepining Behaviour, will always be more perſwaſive than the Severity of Lectures and Admonitions; and that there is ſo much Pride interwoven into the Make of Humane Nature, that an obſtinate Man muſt only take the Hint from another, and then be left to adviſe and correct himſelf. Thus by an artful Train of Management and unſeen Perſwaſions, having at firſt brought him not to diſlike, and at length to be pleaſed with that which otherwiſe he would not have bore to hear of, ſhe then knew how to preſs and ſecure this Advantage, by approving it as his Thought, and ſeconding it as his Propoſal. By this Means ſhe has gain'd an Intereſt in ſome of his leading Paſſions, and made them acceſſary to his Reformation.

There is another Particular of *Emilia*'s Conduct which I can't forbear mentioning: To ſome perhaps it may at firſt Sight appear but a trifling inconſiderable Circumſtance; but for my Part, I think it highly worthy of Obſervation, and to be recommended to the Conſideration of the fair Sex. I have often thought wrapping Gowns and dirty Linnen, with all that huddled Oeconomy of Dreſs which paſſes under the general Name of a Mob, the Bane of conjugal Love, and one of the readieſt Means imaginable to alienate the Affection of an Husband, eſpecially a fond one. I have heard ſome Ladies who have been ſurprized by Company in ſuch a Deſhabille, apologize for it after this Manner; *Truly I am aſhamed to be caught in this Pickle, but my Husband and I were ſitting all alone by ourſelves, and I did not expect to ſee ſuch good Company* — This by the Way is a fine Compliment to the good Man, which 'tis ten to one but he returns in dogged Anſwers and a churliſh Behaviour, without knowing what it is that puts him out of Humour.

Emilia's Obſervation teaches her, that as little Inadvertencies and Neglects caſt a Blemiſh upon a great Character; ſo the Neglect of Apparel, even among the moſt intimate Friends, does inſenſibly leſſen their Regards to each other, by creating a Familiarity too low and contemptible. She underſtands the Importance of thoſe things which the Generality account Trifles; and conſiders every thing as a Matter of Conſequence, that has the leaſt Tendency towards keeping up or abating the Affection of her Husband; him ſhe eſteems as the Object to employ her Ingenuity in pleaſing, becauſe he is to be pleaſed for Life;

By the Help of theſe, and a thouſand other nameleſs Arts, which 'tis eaſier for her to practiſe than for another to expreſs, by the Obſtinacy of her Goodneſs and unprovoked Submiſſion, inſpight of all her Afflictions and ill Uſage, *Bromius* is become a Man of Senſe and a kind Husband, and *Emilia* a happy Wife.

Ye guardian Angels to whoſe Care Heaven has entruſted its dear *Emilia*, guide her ſtill forward in the Paths of Virtue, defend her from the Inſolence and Wrongs of this undiſcerning World; to length when we muſt no more converſe with ſuch Purity on Earth, lead her gently hence innocent and unreprovable to a better Place, where by an eaſy Tranſition from what ſhe now is, ſhe may ſhine forth an Angel of Light.

By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this preſent Friday, being the 15th of February, will be preſented a Play call'd, The Tempeſt, or the inchanted Iſland. As it was alter'd from Shakeſpear by Sir Will. D'Avenant and the late Mr. Dryden, Poets Laureat. With new Scenes, Machines, and all the original Decorations proper to the Play. By Her Majeſty's Command no Perſons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

At Punch's Theatre, in the Little Piazza, Covent-Garden, to Day and to Morrow, the 15th and 16th of this inſtant February, will be preſented an Opera call'd, The State of Innocence, or the Fall of Man. With Variety of ſurprizing Scenes and Machines, particularly the Scene of Paradiſe in its primitive Station with Birds, Beaſts, and all its ancient Inhabitants: The Subtilty of the Serpent in betraying Adam and Eve; a diverting Dialogue between Signior Punchanella and Madamoiſelle Souſabella Pigeonella, and other Diverſions too long to inſert here. Beginning exactly at 8 a Clock. No Perſons to be admitted with Masks or Riding-Hoods, nor no Money to be return'd after the Curtain is up. Boxes 2s. Pit 1s.

The Names of the Subſcribers for the Entertainments of vocal and inſtrumental Muſick to be performed in York-Buildings under the Direction of Mr. Clayton, Mr. Haym, and Mr. Delupart, are taken in at Mr. Charles Lillie's at the Corner of Beaufort Buildings. And the ſaid Subſcription being almoſt full, it is deſired that ſuch as pleaſe to ſubſcribe, or have favoured the Undertakers with receiving the Subſcriptions of their Friends, would pleaſe to ſend their Names to the ſaid Charles Lilly. The Subſcription is 2 Guineas for Eight Times.

This Day is publiſh'd,

A Sermon preach'd before the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament aſſembled, in the Abbey Church at Weſtminſter, on the 30th of January laſt; being the Day of the Martyrdom of K. Charles I. By Charles Lord Biſhop of Man. Printed for D. Midwinter, at the Three Crowns in St. Paul's Church Yard.

A Collection of Pictures lately brought from beyond Sea by a Gentleman in his Travels, of Raphael, Mic. Angelo, Nic. Pauſſine, Luca. Jordano, Rubens, Tennieres, with other Italian and Dutch Maſters, ſeveral of which were of the Elector of Bavaria, will be ſold by Auction this Day the 15th Inſtant: The Sale to begin at 10 in the Morning, at Mr. Peliticre's, a new Houſe near the Wheat-Sheaf, the upper End of Henrietta ſtreet, Covent-Garden.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in; as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.